

HELEN MACGREGOR HASLAM
"Poetry Thru the Years"

Sam and Ellen Moffatt

POETRY THROUGH THE YEARS

Compiled from my file of my handwritten
and Edited scripts set aside
over the years.
by
Sandra Daycock.

Helen MacRae Haslam
Halifax
1996

Dear Sam and Eben Moffatt

A Merry Christmas 1996

and
A happy and prosperous

New Year 1997

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with appreciation and

Affection

with love
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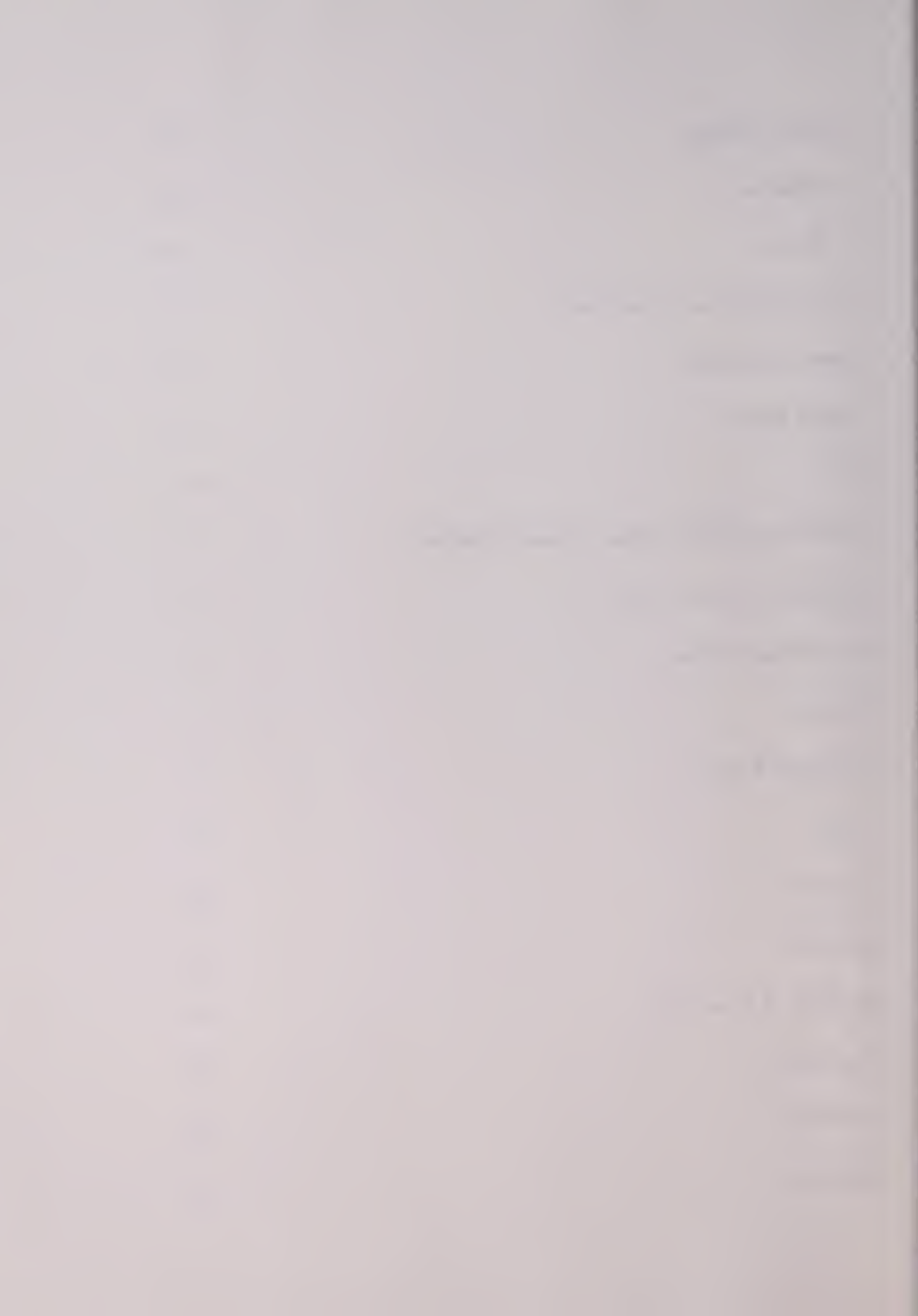
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Pen Pictures or Whimsical Moments

Bushes along the roadside
Reach eager branches of bursting buds
Toward the sun's warmth
Penetrating the chill breezes
Sweeping in from ice fields
Along the coast.

The fragile transparency
of newly blown leaflets
Quiver in a glowing halo
Created by the backlighting
From a late afternoon sun.

On the Bay Road I saw:
Dainty ice - green buds
Mount in rhythmic measure
Along each bending bough.

(1940's)

Spring Magic

Sweet scented air
Pale blossoms everywhere
Fragile and rarely
Beautiful
Caught in a web
Of magic light
That moonlit night.

Continued pg 2

A slight white form
slips silently neath
The trees.
Bare feet caress
The dew-cooled grass;
Young arms lift high
With yearning in her breast
To hold eternal
the spring magic
of the moonlit night.

(1940's)

The Moon

That ball of dust
High in the sky
At night
Has turned to radiant light
That reaches down
To lift our hearts and minds
To the wonderment and glory
Of Thee, our Creator.

(I found my three year old son, Gordon, in the dark "piano room" standing in awe by the window staring at the moon. He turned to ask me what it was. How to explain? Gordon and I both know a great deal more about the moon than at that time one would ever have believed possible. To explain that reflection of the sun on that dust ball would only have led to "what is the sun?" Another poser at that date! 1940's)

Absolute Music

In the soundless realm of my soul
There swells a rhapsody of music.
A harmony
Blending into mystic melody
Eluding word or sound that may
Convey to a wondering world
Sublime experience -
Forbidding translation
From its very purity.

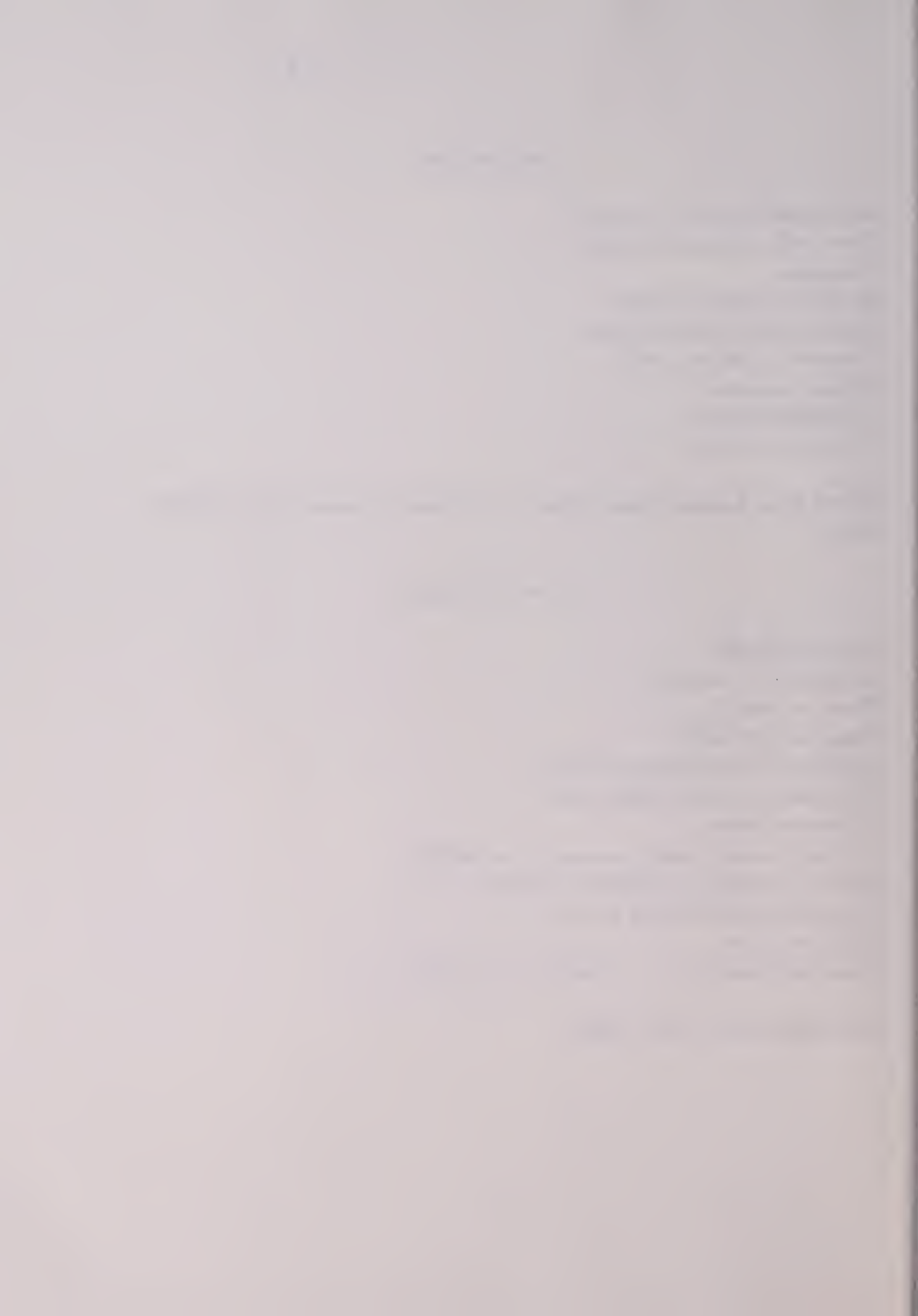
*(Written to my husband Gordon Parker in an attempt to express a love indefinable.
1944)*

Yours Until Death?

Yours until death - ?
But death is life renewed!
Where our heart is
There our spirit dwells-
So delicate yet strong the ties of love!
While memory, upon a need, reviews
In panoramic scope
Our every moment spent in ecstasy of love fulfilled
Devoid of any future to be shared- or hope-
We see through all, the web love wove
Binding us as one
Through all eternity!

Contin'd pg 4

(Addressed to Dear Gordon. 1944)



Why do I linger
With tears in my eyes
Over embers of love
That should surely die
And turn to cold cinders?

This love is undying.
By a spirit unyielding
Held fast in sweet passion
Of memories weaving
And a lone soul's deep grieving.

(Addressed to Dear Gordon and written between 1944 and 1958 following news from the Red Cross that Gordon's Grave had been located)

Meditations

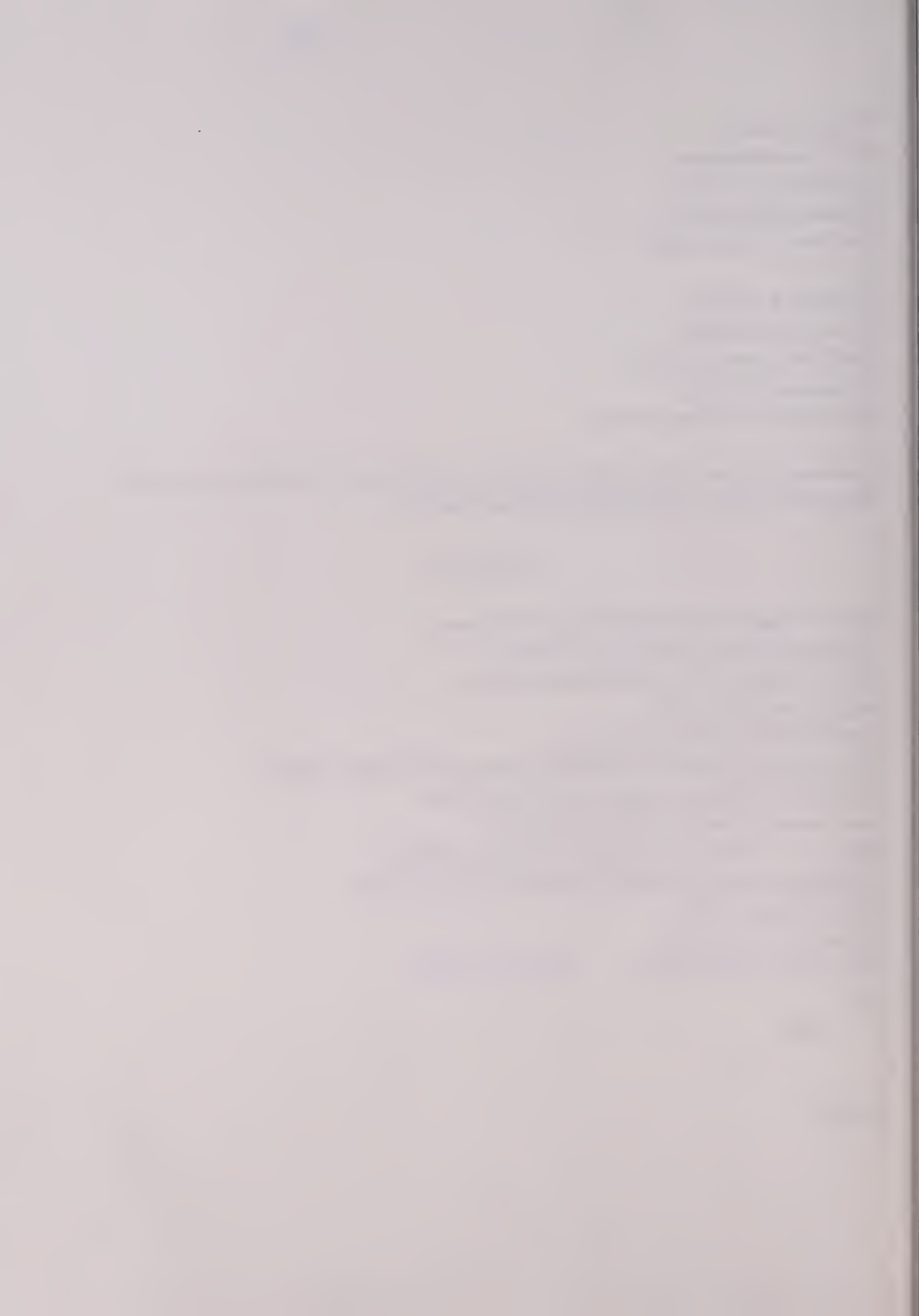
My soul longs to free itself of this earthly being,
To leave with one quick quiver of ecstasy
All that binds it to the carnal frame and sense
to go beyond finite realm
Toward infinity of time and space.
The spirit free of the close cramping measure of the human mind
Fettered by jealousies, suspicions and other base
And meaner elements of human thought
May soar to heights and depths of the Eternal Mind
Reaching ever upward until the tendrils of a soul's seeking
Finds the spirit - God
To become one in unity
With the strength and fibre
of

Continued pg

His

Love!

(1950's)



A Whirling Dervish

A chill, a calm
O'er lake and hill,
The earth asleep and still
Not yet awake
To greet the dawn.

The morning sun appears
To stir the misty breath
Of earth's deep sleep
With gusts of wind-blown motion
Across the lake.
An impish breeze, so light and gay
Snatches a lively veil of
Mist away
Across the lake the road and up a hill
A whirling dervish at its command.

Alas! Alack!
A stand of firs entrap
The twirling, lightsome mist.
Supported by the breeze
In vain it seeks release
From clutching needles of the trees
To sink at last to drench
The grassy sward below
With bitter tears!

(1950's)



Congregation

A church is filled with people.
Good people, well dressed people,
Well fed people.

They come to find an answer
To the "why" of life, perhaps;
They come to search for peace
From strain, mayhap;
They come for a felt need, for guiding power.

They come at times for shallow vanity or desire
For a oneness with their fellow men
In times of loneliness no doubt.
In all, they come for "Self"!
God's love?
Does such a love for others find
Channels through these souls
To those in need about them?
Do the poor find welcome in God's House of love?
Where is there a man with
Courage bold but shabby clothes
Who has the will to face cold glances
Of indifference from those in the security of material self
Chill the atmosphere of
The Church
Where God is worshipped.

(1950's)



Faith

Deep blue velvet depths of letting go one's self
In utter quietude of body, mind and soul
Without a void as part of that estate
To give sense an insecurity;
Rather, in this arrested span of time,
From out the gentle all prevailing peace,
As to those of old, God speaks -
"Be still, and know that I am God."

(1950's)

Thus Ends the Night

Thus ends the night
The night of trance-like sleep
Created by the spinning wheels
Of each day's living -
Weariness!
An effort to resist its tortuous strength
Holding one in a nebulous
Concentric whirl against
One's will!
Oh to be free
To cast off the hypnotic spell
Of constant action
And once again become An entity
With life's reality!

(1950's - 1960's)



Whimsical Moments

Ideas elemental
Intangible
On aerials of brain tissue
Are channelled
To the sensitive screen of the mind
And there patterned
By chance? or by purpose?
What does it matter?

At times they come
Positive, pulsative alive
Understandable!
At times - vague, smog ridden
Distractible!
And always so
Will-o-the wisp-able
In their quality!

(1950's-1960's)

The Prince's Tomb
(Hamheung, Korea)

In spring the Prince's Tomb
Cradled in gentle curve of folding hills
Draws to it, pilgrims
Seeking beauty and its sacred gift of peace.

The rounded grave enshrined
'Midst majestic pine

continued pg 9



Cathedral-like in dignity of columned height
Where whispering wings uplift in flight
Above the trees
Accenting deeper tones of silence
In their wake.

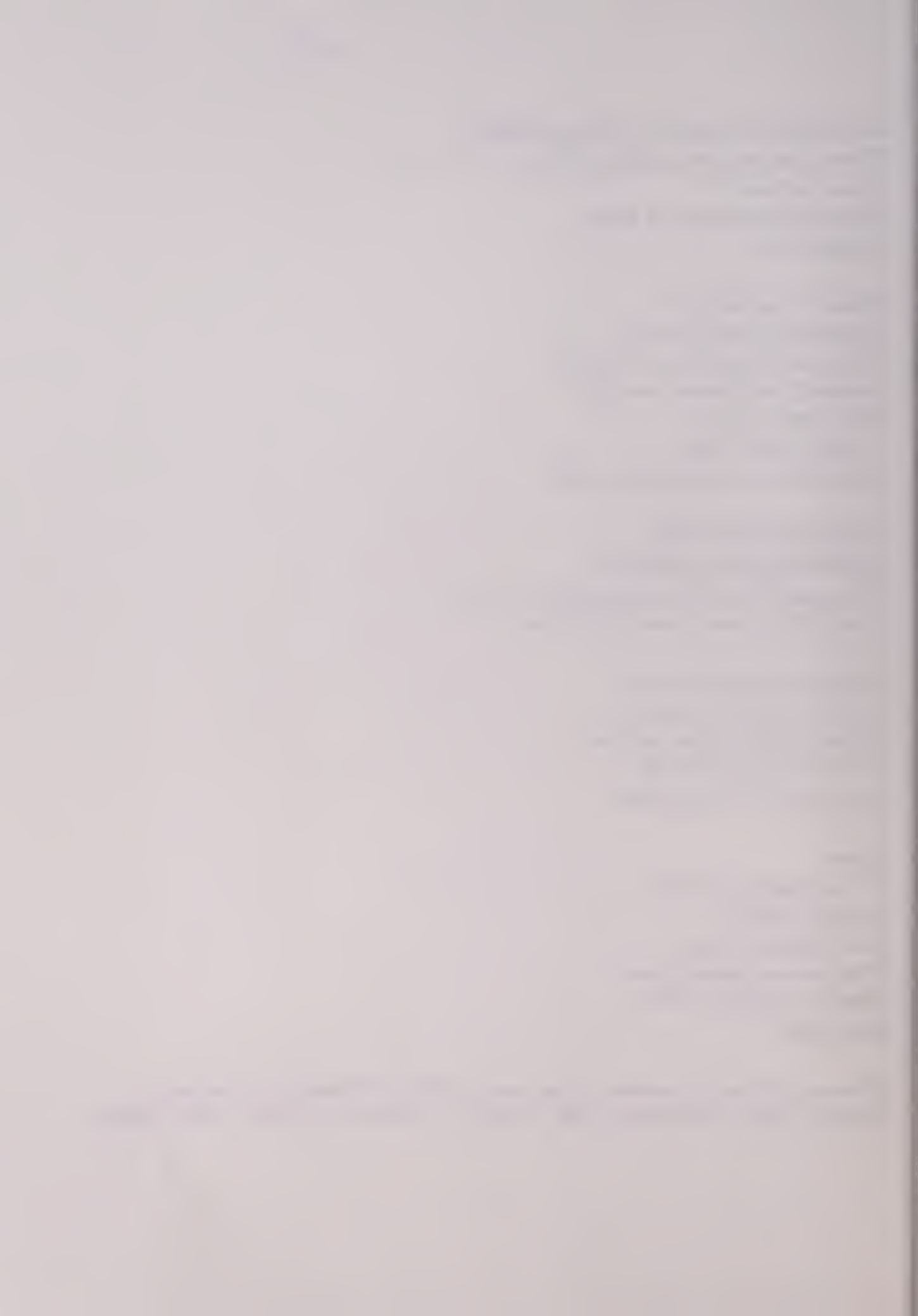
With awe-inspired souls
Through dim green-lit aisles
We mount the gentle rise of ground.
Suddenly from dimness into light
There bursts a vision -
A tomb - aloof, alone -
Secluded from a rushing busy world.

A Tomb among the hills
Clad with azaleas in full bloom
Their many silken folds shimmering in the sun
A truly Royal place of beauty and of rest.

Suddenly with rushing sound
A white winged host appears
Lifting to heights above tall trees
To swerve in graceful flight
Across a span of treeless light

Egrets;
Of transcending loveliness
So purely white!
Their long limbed grace
Wing spanned through space
Ethereal Guardians of this
Royal tomb!

*(Reminiscing! One of a number of days spent at Prince Yi's tomb near Hamheung.
Prince Yi, father of the founder of the Yi Dynasty on the throne of Korea. 1950-1960)*



Youth

The intensity of youth
The drive and vigour of an impulse
Which unchartered purpose
Urges t'ward an action
Seemingly aimless
Other than an outlet
For unconscious aspirations
Untamed to form and shape.

In time
Ideas immature
Find eager concentration
Along creative trends -
To write, to build
To put self into concrete
Line or mould.
To share with all
Their world
Expressed sincerely
Yet with seeming boldness.

(1957)

The Grace of God

What is "the Grace of God"?
Why define in words that influence
Which with power raises mortal to immortality?
When infused in life of spirit, soul and mind?
Why bind it to "rewards" or "merits"?
Why detach it from the mystic sharing of God's spirit?

continued 12/11



God's Grace! God's gift to man!
To make him as in image of Himself;
To unlock potential strength;
To give him scope withal
To grow in stature like unto Him who gave us birth.

(1958)

Disillusioned

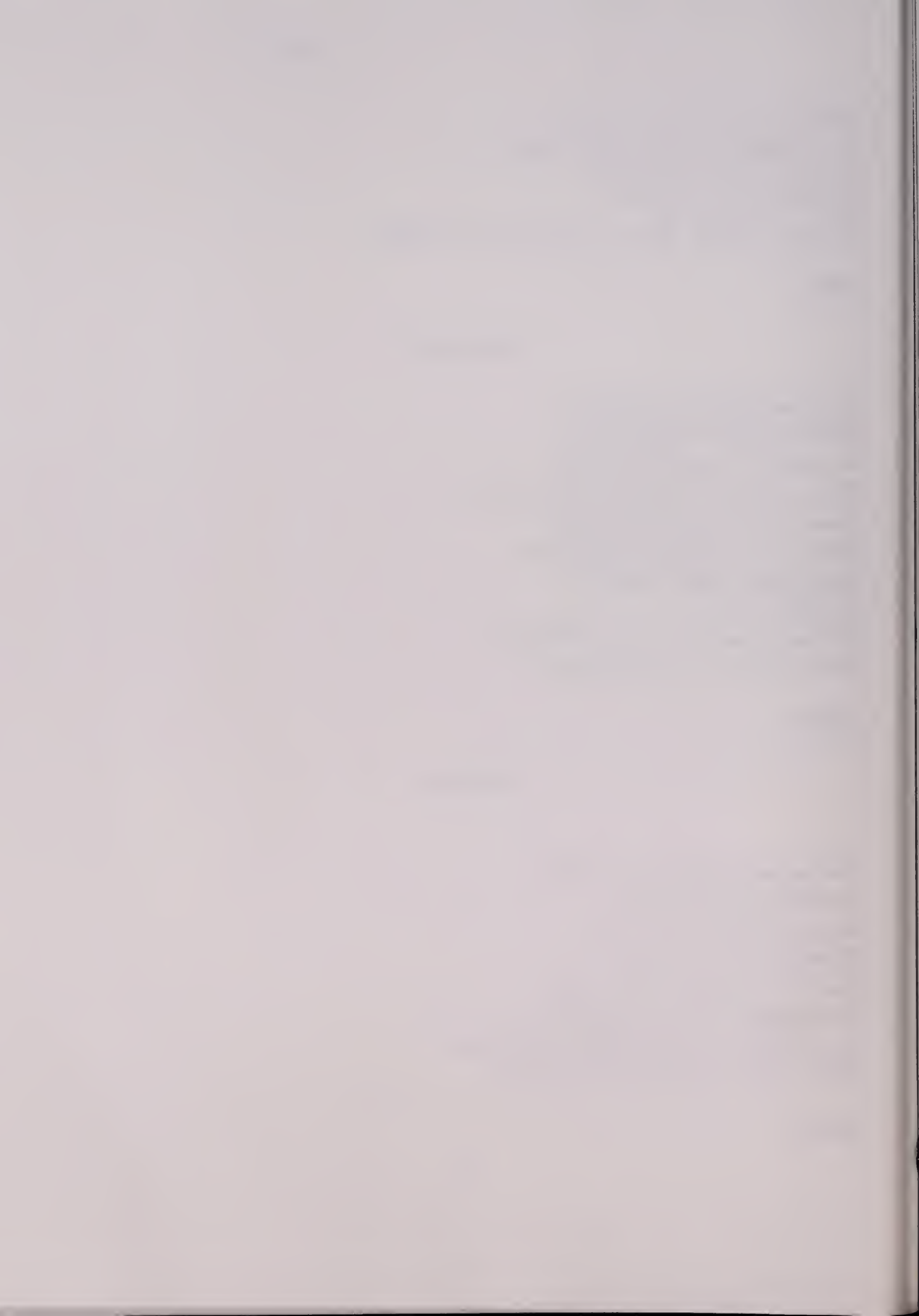
Taut tense pain grips the heart
Clenched tight in grasping hold -
To wring one senseless of all else.
Pain, as physical as thin keen edge of hurt
Thus keen the pain of disillusion
That amputates with severance clean
Every misconception cherished
Of affection's ties
Believed to have been real as life itself
From which it wove its fragile web!

(1958)

Shadows

Shadow lends depth to a painting
Accenting beauty's reality.
Sorrow lends depth to a soul
Revealing true personality.
Shadows and sorrows commingle
To strengthen line and perspective.
But a brush stroke of sunlight and humour
Add a touch of warmth and rich colour.

(1958)



A Prayer of Praise

God -
For this short time on earth
We thank Thee
A moment out of time.
A precious gift
From out Eternity of time
You give us.

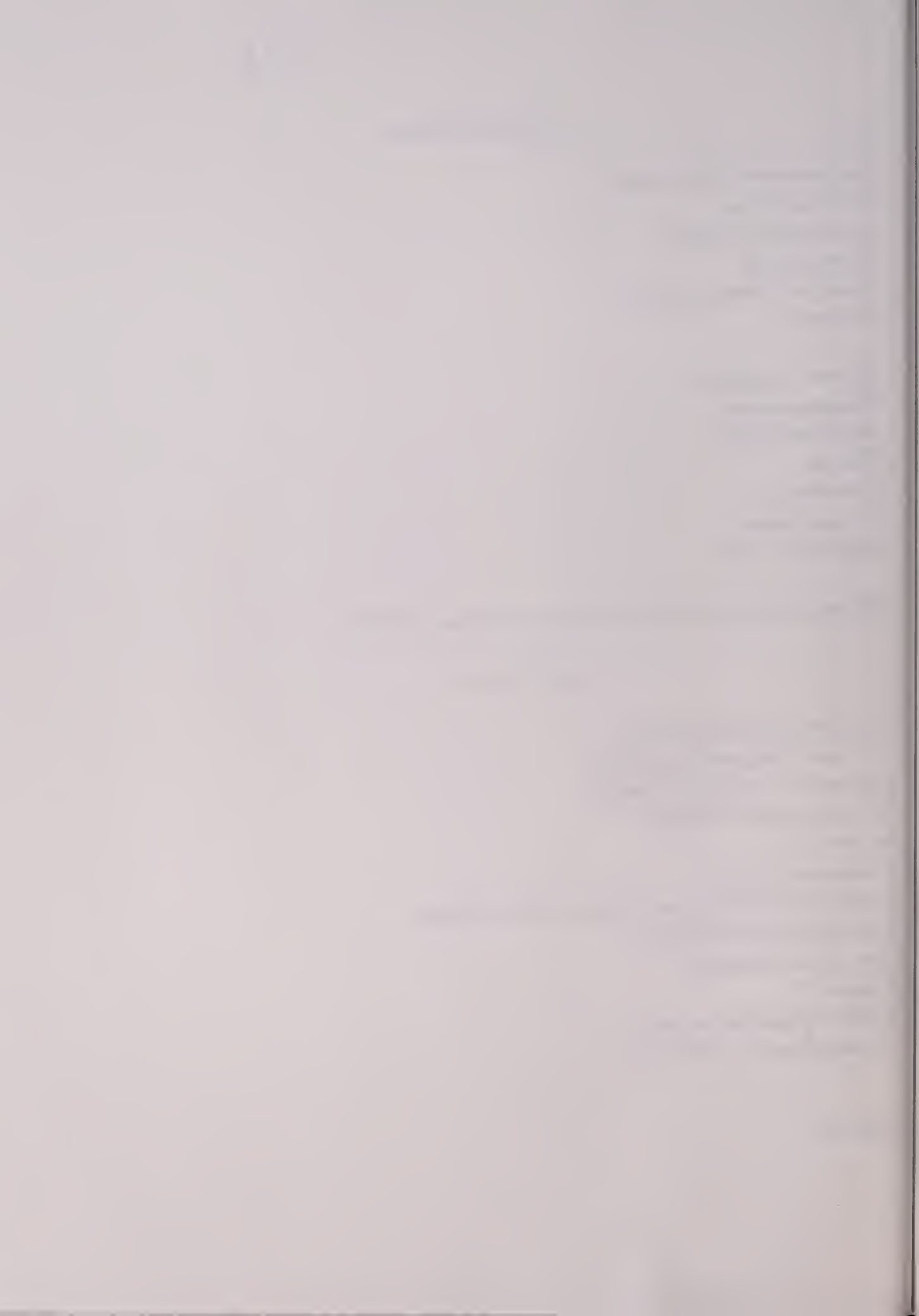
Weariness and pain
Betimes may dim
The Great Reality -
That life
Is wondrous!
Or may, indeed,
Reveal the Truth.

(Written while in the Halifax Infirmary Hospital. 1960's)

Love Eternal

It is a love that neither death
Nor years of separate loneliness
Can lessen in strength or quality.
With time comes healing?
As years go on
Recurrence of a pain
Is physical and to the core of being - heart and sense
Keen beyond the mind's thin
Capacity to understand
Returns
Will death bring eternal end
Or eternal unity to such love?

(1960's)



To My Son

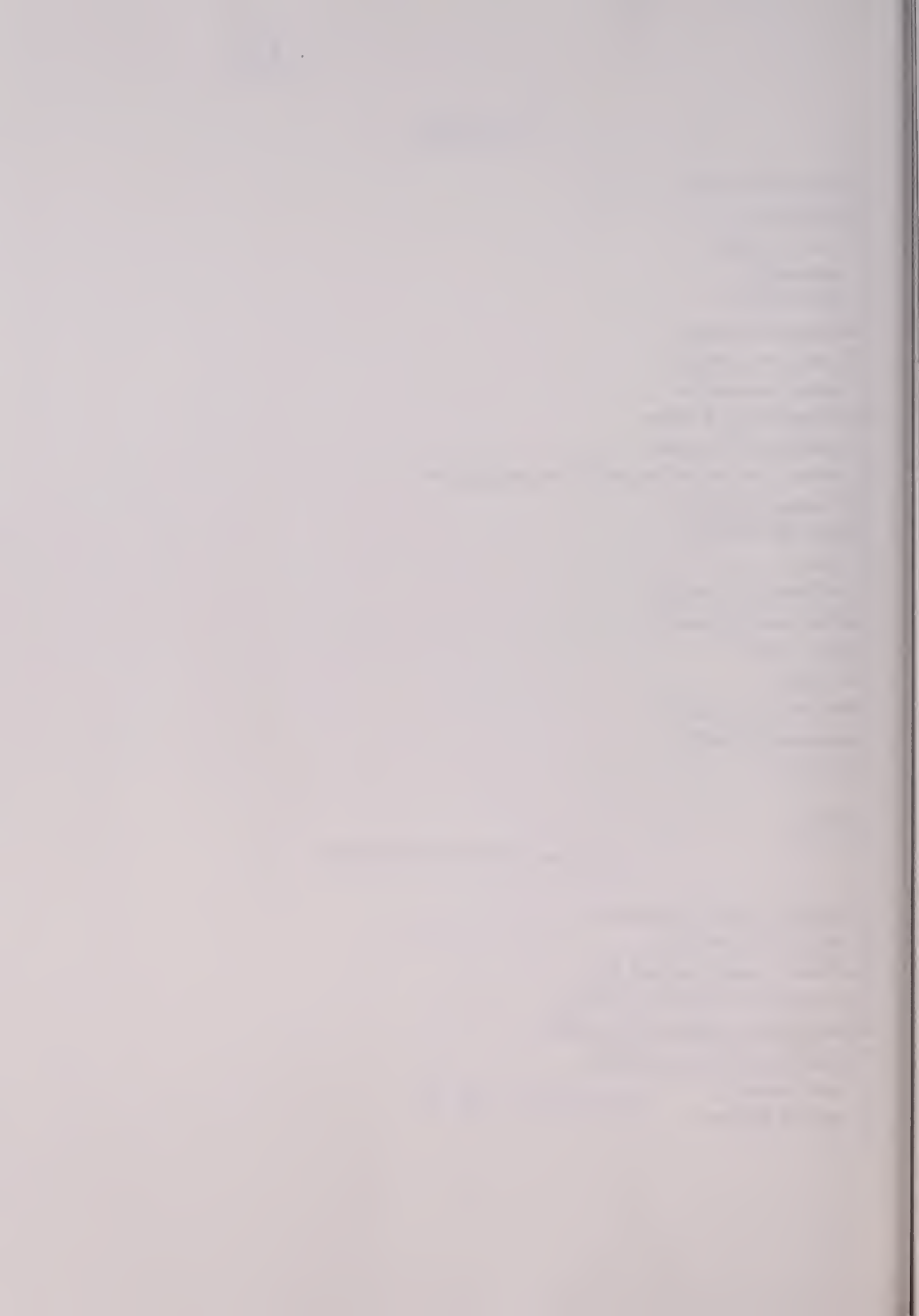
I chose to love you
As you are.
You are an entity
A personality -
A "self" withal
Fashioned in pattern
Of your own creating
A pattern untouched
By classic lines of others
As wisdom of the sages.
A pattern that belies the need of mental stature
That comes with age.
Within all is "Self" -
A "you"
That defies all concepts,
Held so dear by many,
Does it matter?
Not a wit!
Reaching to you in love
Draws out in clarity
Just "you"!

(1960's)

An Open Doorway to the Street

A doorway open to the street.
A gash in the grey front
So bravely, newly painted grey
As to wring the heart dry of tears
From the very pathos of vain effort
To hide behind the new facade
A sordid squalor:
A passing glimpse:

continued pg 14



Of a broken plastered wall
Made more darkly dingy by the
Dampness and the filth from years gone by;
Another glance, a sagging flight of stairs,
Inside the gloom filled hall,
Leaned crazily against the wall,
Its bannisters and railings
Long since disappeared;
A final touch of poverty. -
A ragged remnant of a door mat
Laden with mud and rolls of dust
From man feet,
Hung limply from the entry.
A symbol of disconsolate despair
As revealed by
The doorway open to the street.

*(A tenement dwelling on the Halifax waterfront before the renovation made years later.
1961.)*

Sunset over Halifax

A burning molten mass
of depthless light
Between the sky and rim of earth,
With glorious exultation
Rends the bonds
That all the heavens gird
With dense black cloud
And thickening darkness
Of approaching night.
A glowing orb holding
Space and time apart.
And then
The Dark!

(1961)



Winged Flight

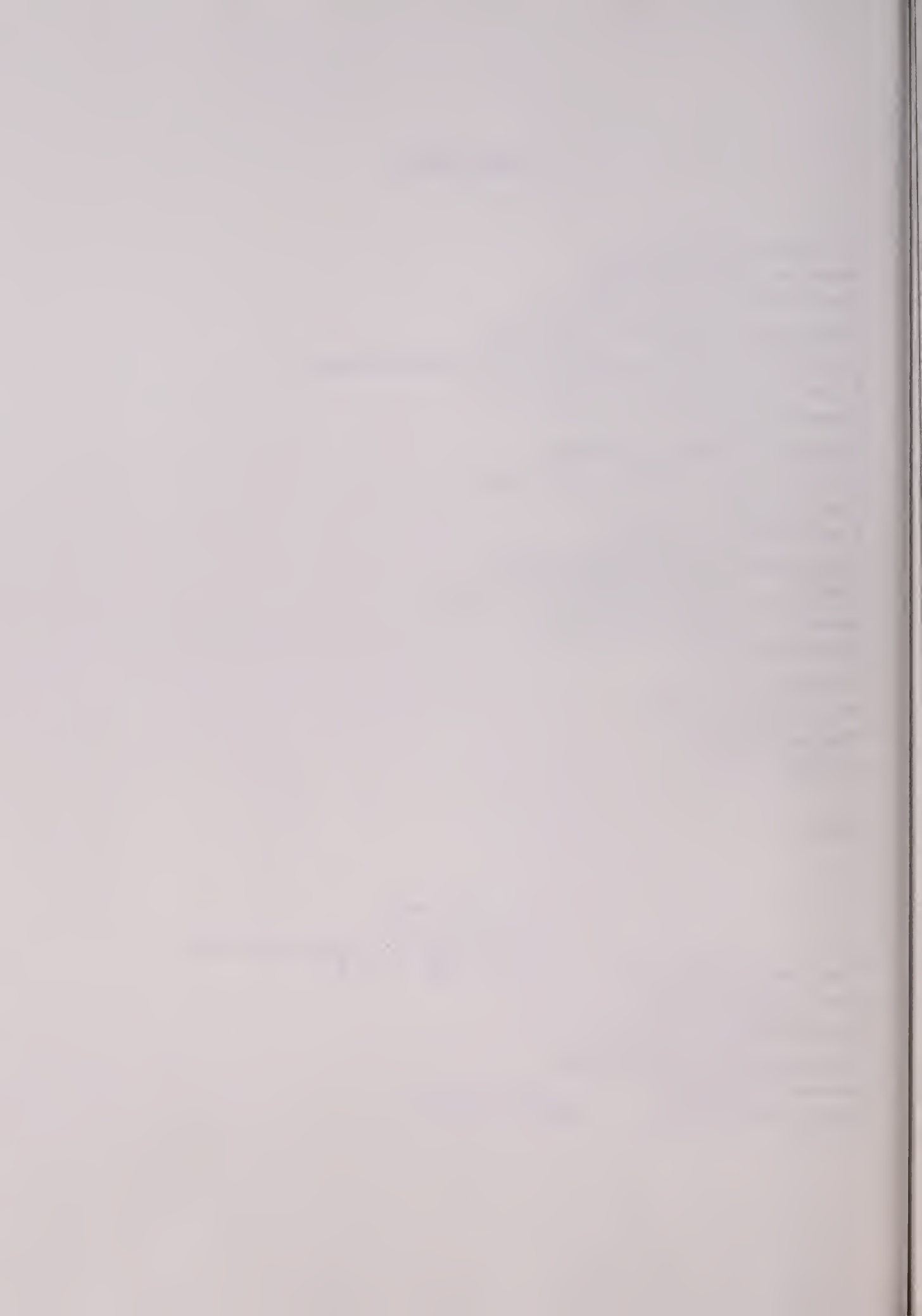
A beating metal heart in
Metal body with fragile wings
Throbs gently to an even quiet purr.
The heart beat quickens to a deeper tone
As with felt urgency the slender frame responds with tremor.
A draft of air sends snow in dusty swirls
Beneath the wings.
A moment of suspense is followed,
The plane moves smoothly to the runway
Eager to be off
A mounting roar of motors
Swift passage through the guiding lights;
Exhilaration with the upward thrust of motion
Lifting, swerving in a swinging curve
Above the tree tops
Ever upward
Into a waiting realm of
Wind and cloud
and light!

(1961)

What does it mean to me?
Music, poetry and song?
Beauty of bird, tree and sea?
These and much more than these.
Essence of personalities
Warm and richly human:

Life or
(Beauty: as of the Essence.)

continued pg 16



In gentle smile or eyes
Lit with the soft light of love
Be it from thought inspired
By scenes of home? of child?
Of others
Close to their heart?

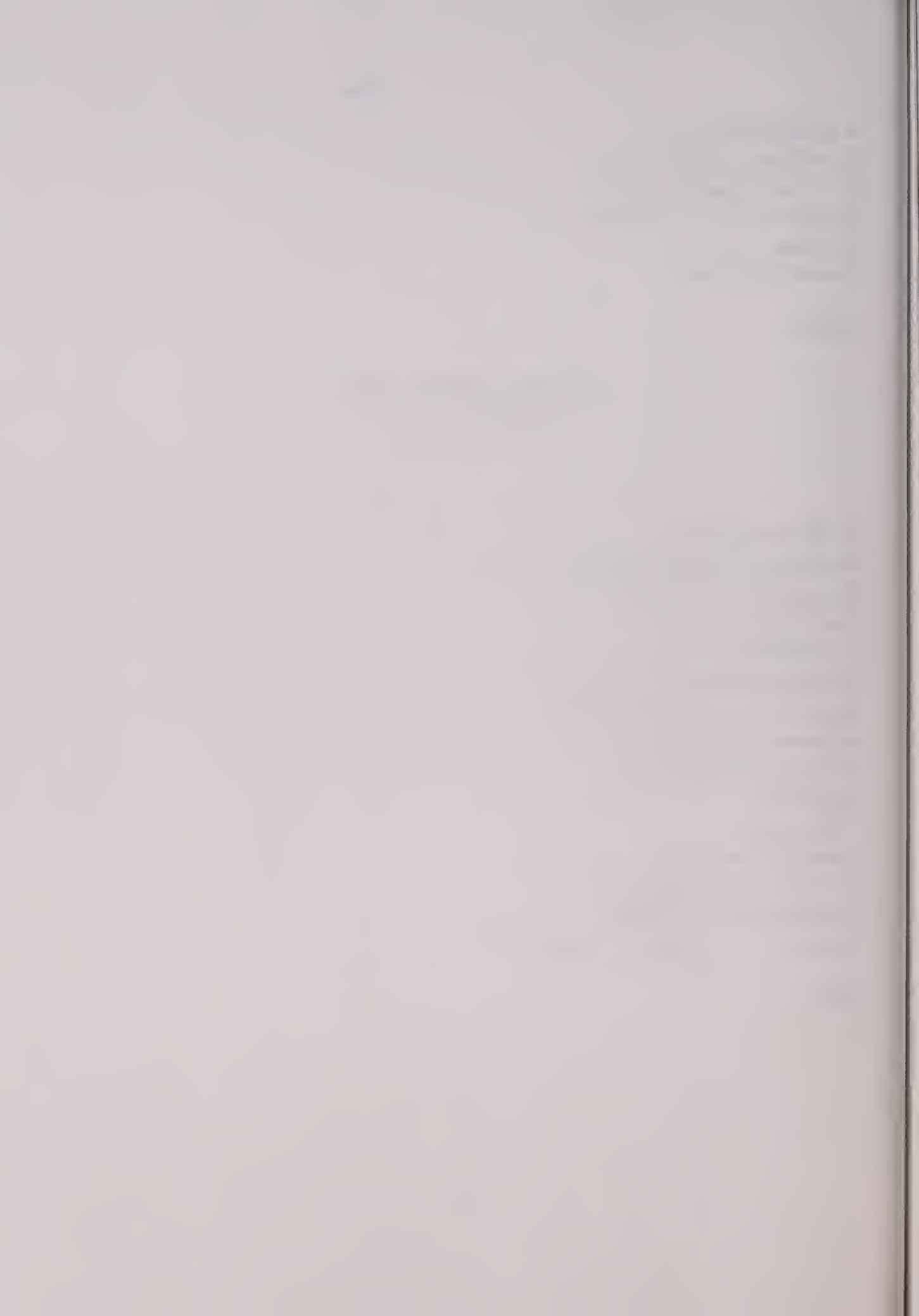
(1964)

A 400 Year Old Post Office
Tintagel, England

An old stone dwelling
Bent low with weight of years
Has settled close to earth
From which it sprang,
Four hundred years ago.
Yet holds its charm and grace
Despite the line of incurved roof
and leaning chimney pot!
From moss filled edges of
Its tiled roof
A flower grows
Bowing and swaying to
The rhythm of a passing breeze
To perform for our delight
A minuet!

continued pg. 17.

(1964)



Questions Tease the Mind

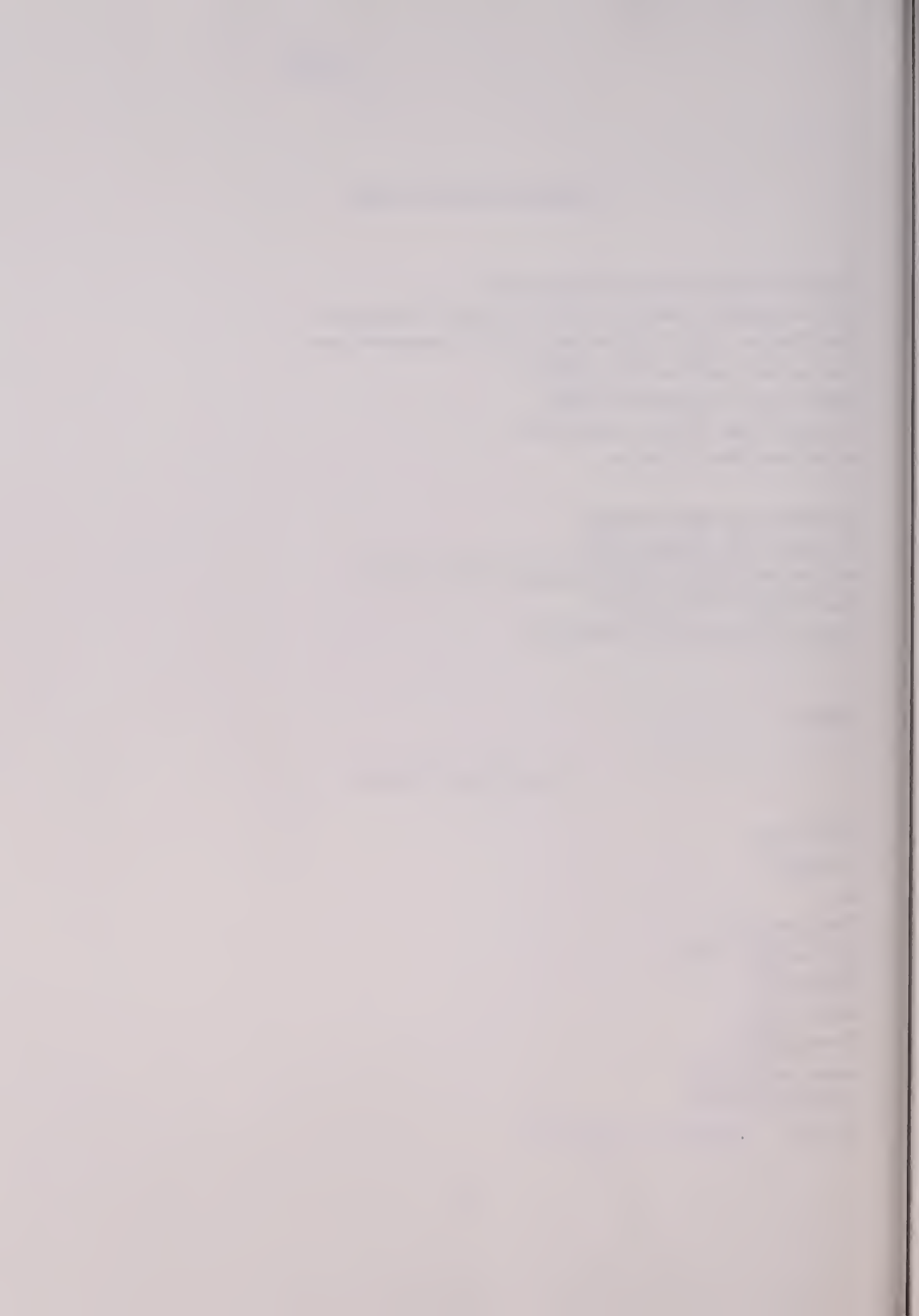
Why let the heart and mind be concerned
With thoughts less noble or worthy of a mind God gave us?
The "Unclean Spirit" Christ drove out from tormented man
Were no less real than those within us
Which turn our thoughts to dwell
On fear of hate, distrust, indifference
As felt from those about us.

God gave us spiritual greatness,
An inner realm of creative life
Inspirations throbbing with an urgent need for outlet;
Race strength within a mind
Until now unconsciously restrained.

(1962)

Approaching Scotland

Wind swept
Sun swept
Sea.
Cloud swept sky
And mountain sides!
While gulls,
wing spanned in
Soaring flight,
sweep past the ship
or fleetingly alight
the rail. *contin'd pg 18*



Eyes scan the shore
As towering mountain heights
Move past
Sheathed in shimmering sheen
Of grass pressed close to rocky soil
By gales of winds
Sweeping in from sea to shore
And far above on mountain crags
Mists rise to
Merge with thick, black clouds
So dark and stern.

(On board the Empress of Britain 1963)

England

A transient glimpse
Bird, cliff and tree
and wide expanse of sea.

Hedge rows flick past
- A frantic blur
Of green washed light
No form to soothe the sight!

In time for tea -
Behold a lay-by
Near a gate
A field beyond, a brook
- a tree
We can but look
Beyond the gate
To field and
Brook. *contin'd pg 19*



A wee sparrow shares
Spare crumbs
With us.

The bird - the bread
We share his tree.

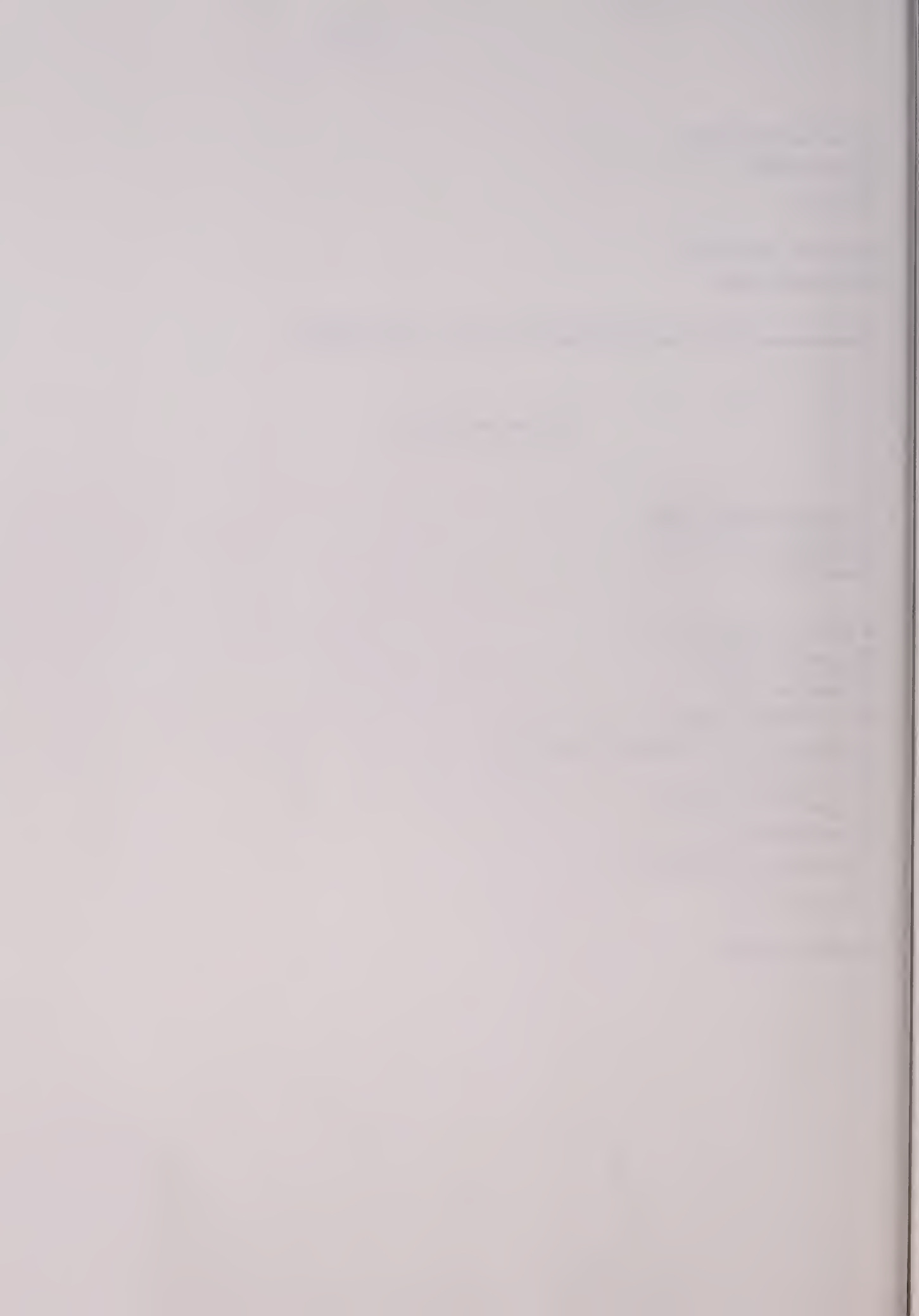
(Impressions of travel in England with a rental car. 1963-1964)

A Sleeping Warrior

Upon yon craggy heights
A highland warrior sleeps
Aloof, alone.

A giant of a man is he,
Wrapped in a shroud
Of swirling mists
And churning clouds,
Sculptured, he was, from mountain tops
By nature's tools
To gaze forever upward,
When he woke,
Upon the sun, the moon
And stars above.

(Scotland, 1964)



A Gift

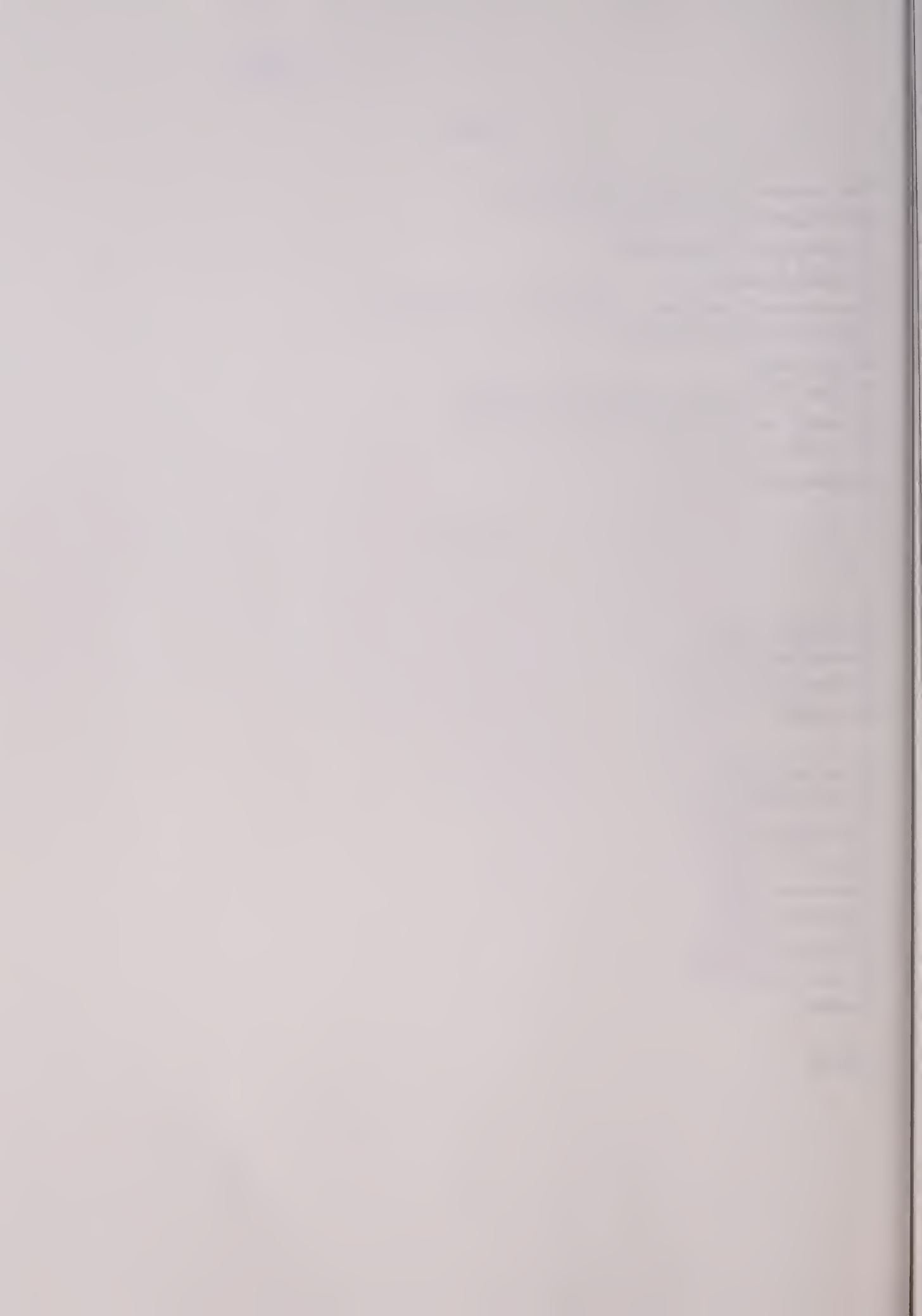
The wonder of a love that fills our hearts
With warm responsive glow.
The wonder of a mystic birth
In Bethlehem long ago.
The wonder of such peace of mind and soul bestowed
That like the softly settling
Winter's snow
Clothes all it touches with serenity and peace.
In purity, in beauty and with power to release
The soul, so as to grow
in grace and love.

Lucerne I

Blue light at dusk
Blends lake and sky
And mountain heights
E'er night.

By morning light
Each mountain top
Has caught the sun
And at their base
Lake waters calm
Reflect the passing
Of an errant breeze
Across its shadowed
Depths.

(1963)



Lucerne II

A timeless sphere - eternal peace
Lies on yore sunlit jagged
Peaks of mountains,
Snow tipped, aloof.
Rising from the lake and
hills below

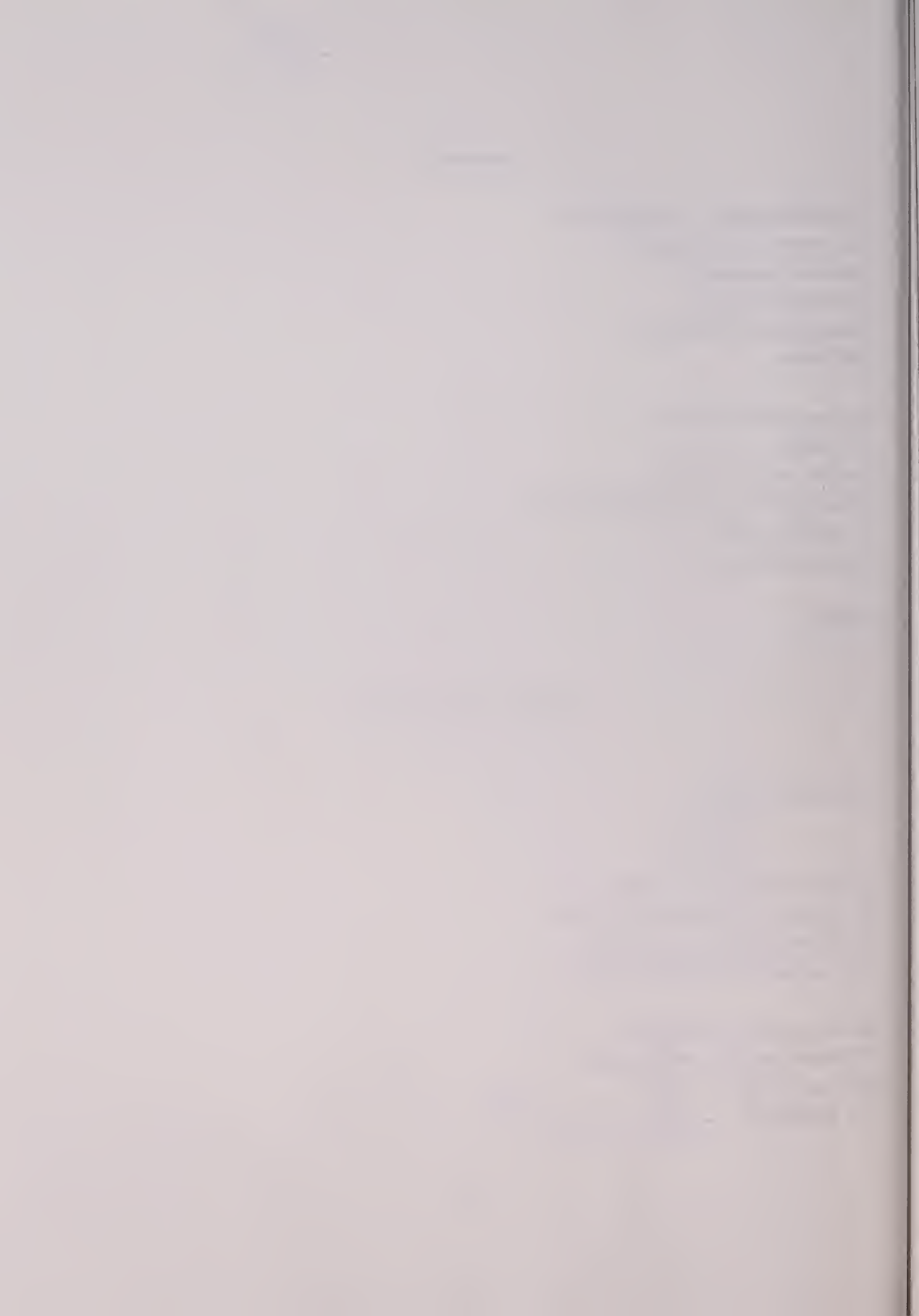
So near and so remote
And still,
Linking earth with sky
Blending blue waters with blue skies.
A timeless realm
And eternal peace!

(1963)

Scotland - A Love Song

Scotland our home
 Our soul
 Our love
Deeply rooted in our living
By names, our legends and songs
Hold fast within our very lives
No matter where that life is led.

Rocky crests of mountains
White capped by swirling mists
Belong in form or mood
To Scotland. *continued pg 22*



And so do we.
As Scots from other lands
Belong but surely
To its very soul.

At home, abroad.
That may well be
But our roots
Are in those mountain tops
Those rushing streams
Those hills and glens!

(1964)

The Martyr

A cold pale light
Penetrates the cell
Pale gold upon a wall of grey
With shadowed bars.
None else
No life
No varied depth
In tone.
Grey, gold
And cold
Impersonal,
The cell.

Within the cell
Pale features of a man
His hair turned grey
With years.
Yet in his eyes
There burns a fire -

Contin'd pag 23



Deep smoldering flames
That walls or bars
Can scarce contain.
A soul so stirred
Burns long
Until a wrong
Is right
In sight Of God and Man!

(1965)

Late Fall

Fall leaves us with reluctant
lingering steps
Trailing in wake dull reds,
limp browns and soggy greens;
While littering neat grey, blue of skies
With stark dark trunks of trees
and jagged unkempt limbs and twigs
Bereft of foliage.
Yet here and there
A fleeting glimpse of beauty
A whispered touch of colour
Enlivens the drab land

At tip of each denuded twig
of road-side willow
A dancing leaf or two
Alight with underglow of setting sun
Twinkles in gay farewell
Like fairy fingers

continued pg 24



Beating rhythmic lilting measures
To joyous music movement
of a breeze.

A curve of road brings into view
a lake

Mist veiled and calm
A breathless pause before
the dawn.

The rising sun drains coolness
from the air;

A wisp of swirling vapour
flushed deeply pink
with pleasure
From the sun's caress
Gracefully rides a passing breeze
And shyly slips midst
Bordering trees
And disappears.

(1063)

Meditation

Oh God
For this short time on earth
We thank Thee.

A moment -
A precious gift
From out eternity of time
You give us!

contin'd pg 25



Weariness and pain
Betimes may dim
The Great Reality -
That life is wondrous!
Or may, indeed,
Reveal the Truth?

(Written in Halifax Infirmary Hospital 1968)

A Cross

Yonder
'Midst low yet vibrant swelling notes of organ music
Mingling muted tones with mellowed golden light
from ambered pane;
Cherished by graceful upswept curving lines
of window, archway, ribbed roof and railing;
Framed by a dark rich ruby red of velvet flame;
There stands the strong stark figure of a cross
With clean cut lines -
A shaft of shining bronze
Triumphant and alive with eager light,
A symbol of God's love and sacrifice.

(sometime between 1958 and 1965)

Life Slips By

Be alive
and alert
In every corner and crevice
For everyday living
Is life passing by
On flowing swift waters.

Daily you stand at its brink

Contin'd pg 26



Eager to reach out, to grasp
Whatever is coming your way.
But in vain!
You are left
Bewildered, alone
Your hand made wet
With the tears from your loss.

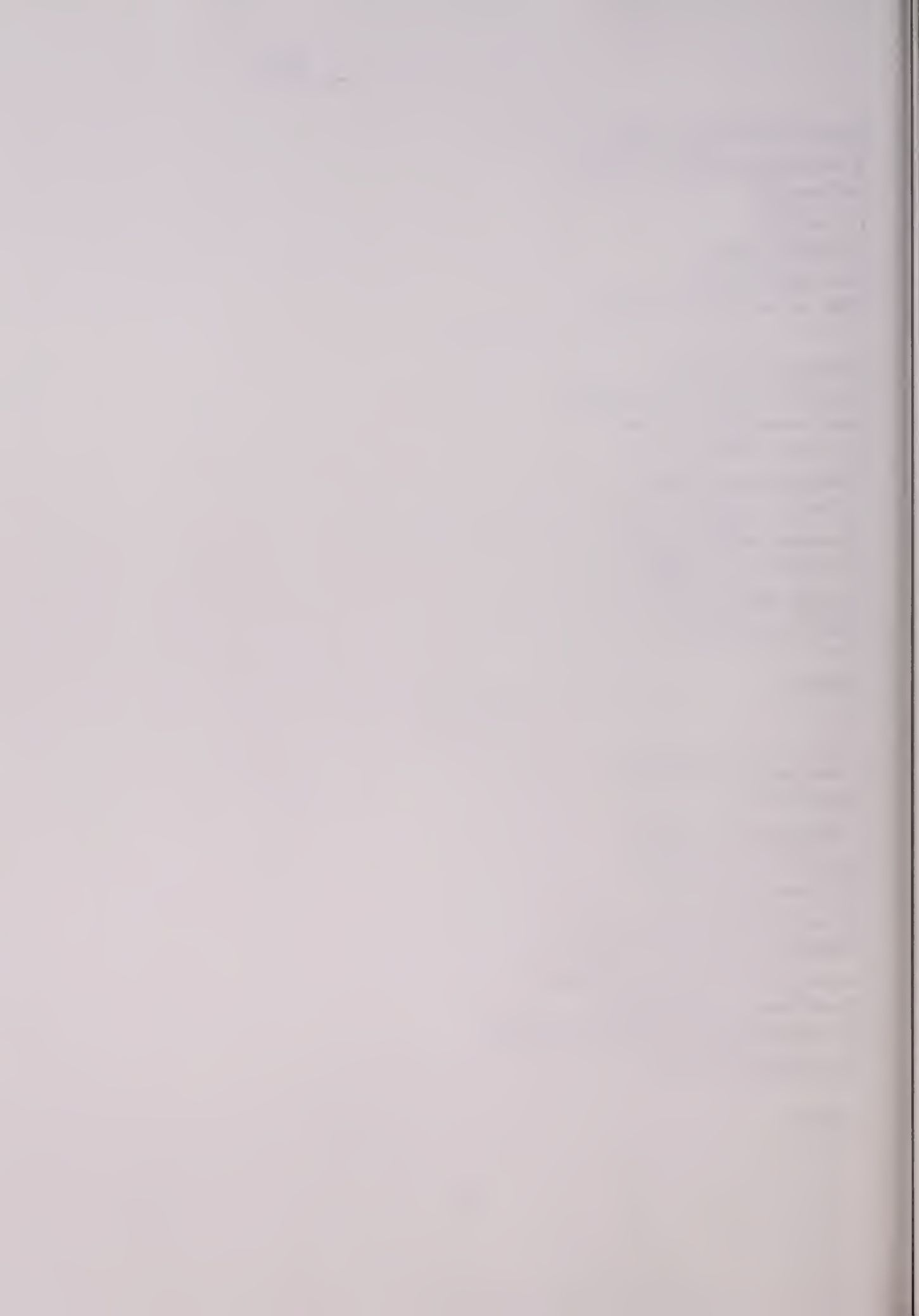
Plunge into the stream
Be made strong with its strength
Made free with its freedom.
Buoyant it takes you
Over rough jagged rapids
And when wounded
The waters will cleanse you
And will bear you safely
To calm, placid pools
Shaded and peaceful.

(1970's)

Modern Art

A sense of basic defeatism!
Vague concepts -
Vague feelings for images
Seen through moon glass.
Such creations are but
Prismatic distortions of a mind
Unequal to the task of sorting out
Impressions in themselves distorted.
Vain efforts to avoid the issue
Of reaching deep into a fleeting thought
For stern truth or form.

(1980's)



I Am A Part

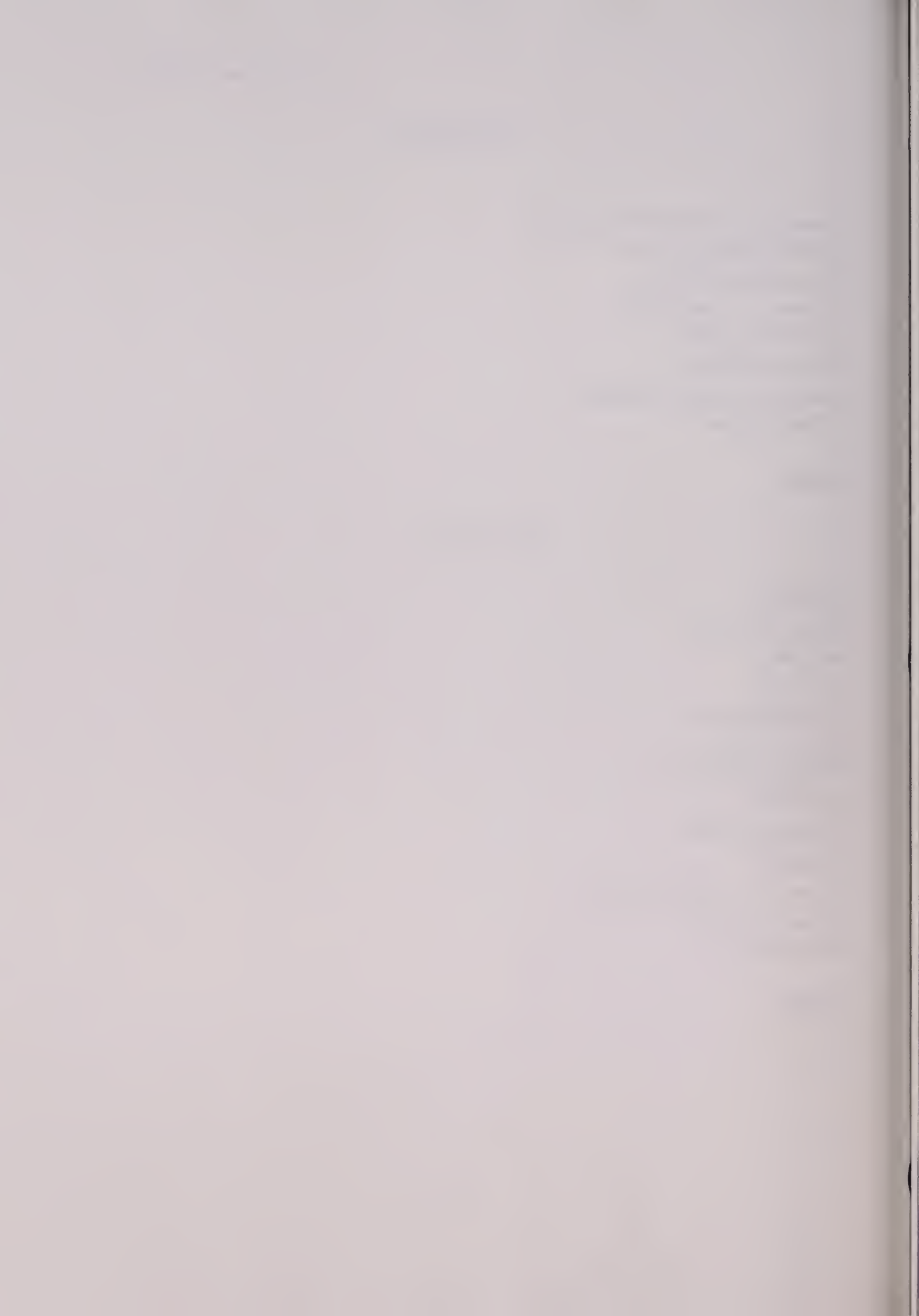
"I am a part of all that I have met"
To feel, to know, to love
The world around me.
To become a part of all
As intensity relates
Close in memory
Sensuous, familiar, personal
In their impact.

(1980's)

Cape Breton

Our land
Where virile men
and gods
may dwell
In splendid vigour
Of its nature -
Wild! Magnificent!
And beauty
Transcending all!
Words fail
For words confine the mind
To lesser concepts
Than reality!

(1980's)



From a Tiger on Dragon Mountain

a)

Dawns light.
 Grey shadows
 Spread across
 The darkness of the sky
 Above a slumbering village.
 Sun's light. A shaft of gold
 Pierced through
 A darkened window.
 To rest upon a kneeling form -
 A man alone in silent prayer.

b)

Silver linings
 Fringes of silver light
 Shine with greater brilliance
 From the edges
 Of the darkest clouds.

c)

A Spider's Web

A death trap!
 In appearance too fragile
 to be lethal
 The spider's web undulated sinuously
 In the breeze.



d)

Shadows of a Thorn Tree

Black limbs
And zigzag twigs
Etched lines
Across new fallen snow,
A winter's sun.
Sparked from long thorns
Like regimented lances
So smooth and sharply pointed
Stand, ready for attack.

e)

A Tiger

A mountain peak,
A thunder cloud.
And framed on high
Against the sky
With blazing eye
A tiger stood
Undaunted by the storm.

(1980's)



Human Fibre

Death slashes into the Human Fibre of living
 Like a surgeon cutting into flesh.
 A soul's spirit is gone taking with it
 Tissues interwoven into the patterns
 Of other peoples' lives
 Leaving behind a pain
 That burns sharp and keen
 Then dulls to a pulsating ache.

New tissues form as
 Years go by
 But scars remain
 To quicken once again
 With memories stirred awake.

(1990's)

Roseneath ~~Castle~~ *Mansion*
 1963

Across the grey metallic glitter
 Of the harbour waters
 A scene to take your breath away!

A point of land across the bay
 Caught by a shaft of sun
 A vision!
 Deep lush lawns
 And graceful trees
 Awash in green-gold light

contin'd pg 31



of evening sun.
A setting for a castle
Silver grey and turreted.

Beyond the spur of land
Dark massive mountains rise
To cleave the sky above,
Their height submerged
By heavy mists
And restless, rolling clouds
So densely black
And ominous!

(As seen from the Empress of Britain anchored off Greenoch, Scotland. 1990's)

Overtones
1960's

A dark expansive pall of night
With impact force
Is felt upon the senses
Pin-pricked to awareness.
By lights so sharply patterned
Upon the softly moulded bosom
Of a distant hill.

Within the aura of a wind swayed mist
Above the harbour
A surging blaze of bronze-gold flames
Leap in an upward curve
Across the bridge
From shore to shore *contin'd pg 32*

A vibrant murmur from
Two cities merge,
While the roar of moving traffic
Rends apart
The muted edge of night.

(1990's)

Nature in the Fall
(Life to Itself)
1960

a)

Damp, dark stumps of trees
Lay bare across
Slashed wood-cut land.
Sear underbrush left
Strewn untidily
And not symmetrical.

b)

Dull, flat sky
So heavy - leaden grey
Hangs low
Oppressively
Close to the earth.

c)

Dank, curled up leaves
Dull yellows and sodden browns
Lie limp upon the ground
Or cling to indifferent limbs

contin'd pg 33



Of timber cut away.
They move, but only
By a more indifferent breeze
In passing by,

d)

Stunted growth of spruce
Hold firm to rock - ridden soil
With naked roots
Unmoved when whipped with gigantic force
By winds flinging spumes of spray
From the sea across the land.

(1996)

Trees

Trees
Strong and forceful
Or slim and graceful
Straight and sturdy
Or bent and curving
As etched against the sky.

Roots:
Strong and sinuous
Thick and tenuous
Long and probing
Clutching deep into
Rocks and black earth.

Are you not frustrated
Bound to one spot
Through a lifetime of living?

contin'd pg 34



Do warm sun's comfort you?
Do snows overburden you?
Do strong winds annoy you?
And do birds delight you with their song and their young?
Stand straight and tall among the elements around you
Forever be admired
By one and all.

(1990's)

More Whimsical Moods

Drifting veils of reflections
Yet unborn
Brush across the mind
Trailing illusive veils of
Charming possibilities
To tease the ind.
To seize upon and hold
Each floating concept
To mere words!
Tears edges from their creation
Leaving tangled threads
"Ad Infinitum"!

(1990's)

Early Fall

A sharp brisk breeze
Skips lightly over the blue sea.
Waves crisply curling upon a beach
To quickly slip away again
Into the sea

Contin'd pg 35

Leaving thin lips
Of glistening bubbles
Kissing the wet sand.

Bright sun, chill winds
Gaily dab gold and crimson
Colours upon quivering leaves
Of trees and berry bushes
Among rock-strewn
Fields and hills
Beside the sea.

A world so gloriously attune.
Bright sun.
Brisk breeze.
Chill winds.
Crisply curling waves and
The exuberance of
Gold and crimson leaves
Framed by the blue
of sea and sky.

(1996)

Life or
(Beauty - As Of The Essence)
See pg 15 and 3.

Beauty sensuous or aesthetic
Warms a heart
In it's response;
And cleanses one's soul
Lifting it above
Distracting trivialities.

The glory of a dark sky
Pierced by slanting rays of sunset;



The beauty of a tender moment
When one's heart quickened to the pace of love;

The beauty of a child's ecstatic cry:
"Mummy come hear the song the tree is singing";
The pulsating beauty of emotion in a room
Where people give themselves to those about them;
And again
The soul searching beauty of a young face
Shining and alive with creative fire
Evidences of beauty
That leaves the heart warm
and cleanses the soul.

(1996)



JACKIE, THE DOCTOR'S HORSE

Jackie, you were the Doctor's horse
And mine for hours on end
to ride at will,
Casting the World and all
its cares aside,
Enjoying the thrill of fingers
of the wind
Lightly touching my face
in passing,
or toss my hair in disarray
about me -
Now that was freedom
My jackie.
Now that was truly freedom.

You were my Companion and
my friend.
For I was lonely too.
And over years that followed
our bonds of Friendship grew
While roaming Cape Breton's
by-ways
Resting beside lake waters
so very deeply blue
Or trotting briskly through shady paths
in woodlands
Then took our time to wind our way
along the Glens and Valleys.
So many scenes of beauty, Jackie,
we shared together,
So many scenes of beauty
unknown to many others.

One episode stands out
my friend
Among many others.
A very special venture, it was,
above all others.
It was the only day we spent in the grip of
winter weather.



For days the snow had fallen
 and then a day of sun -
 A brilliant day to capture
 to hold it for our own.
 School was out at three o'clock
 just time enough, we thought,
 remember Jack?
 To take a jaunt for tea
 with dear Annie and brother
 Murdoch "Little Rory"
 At their farm by Peter's Brook.

The time had passed too
 quickly.
 The evening came upon us:
 we must be on our way.
 One step outside the house was startling
 the weather was all a-sparkle
 The stars were shining bright
 So far away
 yet seemingly so close.
 The snow upon the path
 before us
 Snap crackled with every tread we made
 and every flake around us
 Became reflecting mirrors
 of the Moon and million Stars above,
 A truly jewelled mantle spread upon
 the ground.

Then suddenly a blaze of light,
 A vibrant hissing
 sound surrounds us, Jackie.
 An amazing sound surrounds us.
 Magnetically our eyes are drawn toward the heavens.
 A lively Aurora Borealis, a vivid
 energetic Aurora Borealis
 Was dancing above our heads!
 A startling band of light in motion
 spread in waves of
 Brilliance across the sky.

The flashing waves of light

my friend, if you remember
seemed to touch a
nearby mountain-top
With every downward thrust of
probing shaft of light
Fired from the playing fields
of the Gods above.
A wondrous sight!

All was too perfect as we trotted
homeward
In the crispy cold that winter night!
But no, we were to find for just
beyond the bridge a fearsome sight -
A snow plough in full action
with roaring, grating noise
Only a snow plough can create,
And flashing, terrifying lights -
Oh Jackie!
Once more you bound us
closer together, dear friend,
by courage and your faith in me.

I reached across your shoulder
to murmur words of courage
While step by step I stroked
your glossy neck so tense
with fear.

I saw your ears twitch back to me
to catch my every word,
We made it Jackie.
We passed the Monster, Jackie
And flew along for home.

(1906)



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